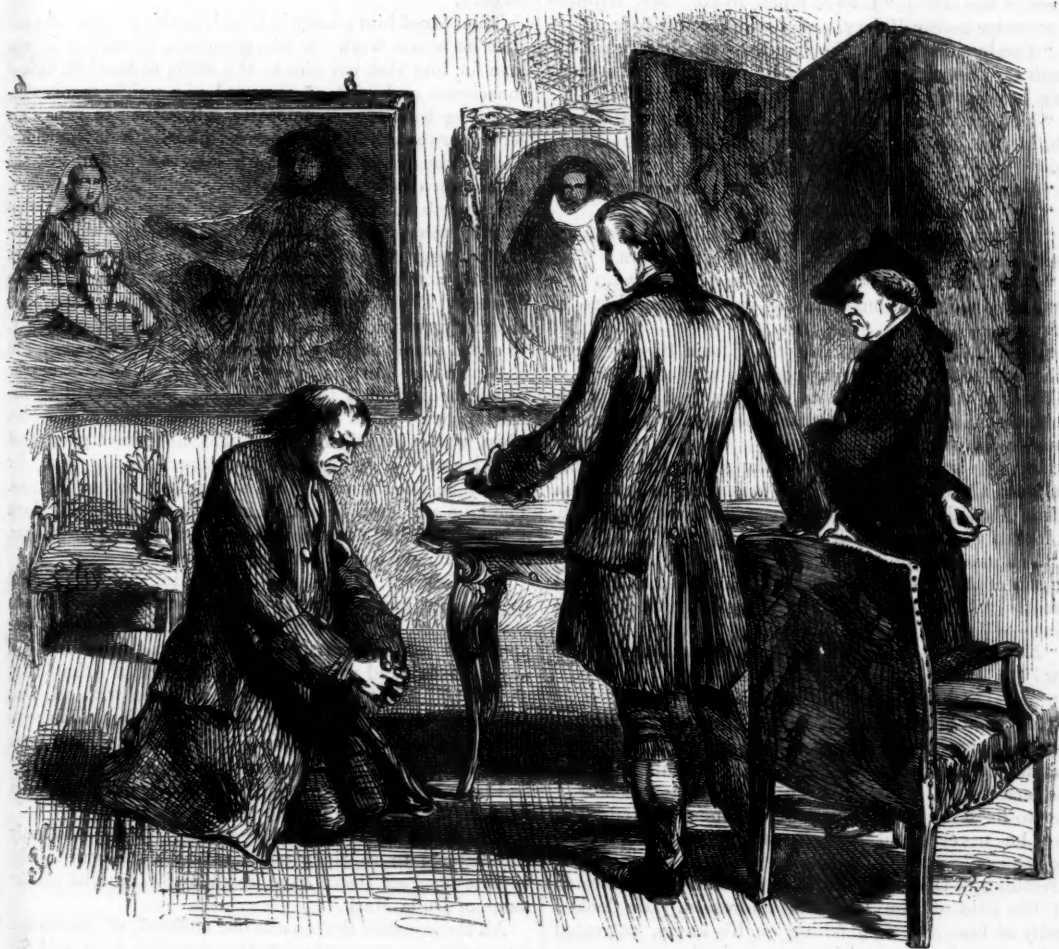


THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Corper.*



FALLING ON HIS KNEES, BLOODWORTH PROMISED TO REVEAL ALL.

THE FORGED WILL.

CHAPTER XII.

THE three had up to this point been standing; but Sir Eustace, motioning to Bloodworth to be seated, beckoned Dr. Cruden to stand before them; then placing a pen in the steward's hand, he guided it with his own, and wrote in large letters on a piece of blank paper that lay on the table, "Eustace De la Mark," the steward passively submitting to the movement.

"Whose signature?" he asked, fixing his eyes on Bloodworth. The steward trembled violently and was

about to rise, but Sir Eustace held his arm. "Shall we make another will and let Sir Valary sign it? A pen in a dead man's hand has been found a pliant writer before now."

There was no answer, for the culprit could not trust his voice; but an exclamation of horror and surprise burst from the doctor.

"It was so," said Sir Eustace; "I have the confession in full of the woman Higgs, dictated on her death-bed, and taken down and witnessed by the clergyman and surgeon who attended her—a strange device for quieting conscience and cloaking perjury. Your partner

in crime, every way less guilty than yourself, saw through the flimsy cheat, and heartily repented."

"I never heard of such shocking wickedness!" said the doctor, holding up his hands; "oh dear, dear—no wonder my poor friend—oh, horrible!" he said, turning his back on Bloodworth. The scornful sneer with which the steward noticed this movement quickly gave way to an assumption of boldness.

"I don't know you," he said fiercely. "I am not to be brow-beaten for a crazy woman's ravings, got out of her, perhaps, by some impostor to get money out of Sir Valary while he was alive, or out of the son of him that was disinherited; but the will was proved and never questioned. Let me pass, I say," he said, trying to get towards the door; "I have much to do. Mr. Brimble is executor to Sir Valary, and I will account to him."

"The business is in the hands of the law," said Sir Eustace, "as you will shortly be. You will have more help in preparing your papers than you desire."

"You can't search my house, you have no warrant. Oh, let me go—I promise—yes, only let me go—I will indeed—"

"Confess?" asked Sir Eustace. "It is needless."

"No, no, explain it and—and—"

"Give up the will. That may as well be taken from its hiding-place: the law employs expert seekers."

"Fool that I have been!" cried the steward, who now saw his true position—that he was without hope of escape.

"It is well that you know that," said Sir Eustace; "there is hope that you may seek for wisdom."

But the steward rooked to and fro in his chair, his violent passions venting themselves in choking imprecations on his own folly.

Hoping little from him in this state, Sir Eustace beckoned the doctor to the door, intending to leave him awhile; but the paroxysm had passed, and, starting up, he looked fixedly on Sir Eustace.

"Tell me one thing," he said; "are you employed by the son of the last Sir Eustace?" Sir Eustace nodded assent. "Then if I were to disclose the truth of every thing—"

"Needless—it is disclosed; have I not told it but now?"

"Ay! but how it came about and—and—"

"My dear Sir Eustace," said the doctor, who thought his companion looked inflexible, and who was extremely and anxiously curious to know the particulars of the wonderful story, "let him speak; let him tell it all. I long to have my poor dear friend's memory cleared. I'm sure he never could have known of such unnatural wickedness."

Nothing of this speech came to the ears of Bloodworth but the title of him who was addressed. He looked fixedly at him, and then falling on his knees, entreated pardon, repeatedly promising to reveal all.

Tenderness for Sir Valary's memory, and the feelings of his cousin Marjory, who had not shown any sign of recovery from the shock of his death, with a natural desire to spare the honour of his name, made Sir Eustace willing to pass with as little notoriety as possible through the strange revelations that must be made in order to put him in possession of his rights. He saw the importance of having Bloodworth's free and unconstrained testimony in order to obtain this, and conditionally promised his pardon.

The long story that followed must be told in few words. The second will was executed and signed after death, as described, by Bloodworth's contrivance, in order that Sir Valary might succeed to the whole property. His

motive was to open to himself a source of wealth otherwise unattainable. For some time after Sir Valary's succession he kept the dead signature an entire secret; when all things were well established and going smoothly, and a daughter was born, in whom, after the death of his wife, all his affections were centred, pretending to be pricked by conscience he revealed it. Sir Valary's first impulse was to seek out his brother's heir and make restoration, but the steward artfully represented that the reported death of the young man must be true, or he would have sought refuge in England when left alone; again, the portionless state of his infant daughter was adroitly brought before him, and in a moment of weakness he relented and promised to conceal the strange forgery.

This placed him wholly in Bloodworth's power. At one time he would work on his gratitude, declaring it was love for him that led him to the deed; at another, talk of conscience, and hint at the need of a public confession, wringing from him some costly gift, either to repay his service or to calm his conscience. The death of the widow Higgs, who, while she lived, was a terror to him, lest she should turn betrayer, was a great relief to Sir Valary, and to rob him of this, Bloodworth had thrown doubt on its truth. The malady from which he suffered was greatly aggravated by the conflicts of his mind, which became clouded and weakened by the ravages of the disease. The steward had already obtained large sums of money, which he had invested in foreign property, to avoid suspicion, and it was his hope that morning to obtain the assignment of a valuable deposit, in return for which he intended to give up the original will to his master, over whom he had long held it as a scorpion whip, and quit with his then sufficient gains a place that would soon be stripped of its attraction; for with Sir Valary he knew would die his hope of further fortune. The true will established, and Sir Eustace De la Mark acknowledged as the rightful possessor of Parker's Due, his rule must be considered as of the past.

Sir Valary's funeral was, according to an urgent request in his will, private; and to this will, which was attested by Shady Higgs and Mrs. Gillies, was appended a desire in his own hand that his tenants, if any had suffered wrong, should be righted; that they should be made to understand in common with all, that his rigid economy had been occasioned by a desire to realize an honourable portion for his daughter, after such sums as had been expended by him out of the property had been repaid to his brother's son, whenever he should appear.

"This," it concluded with saying, "being the only way left me to repair a great wrong done, and to blot out the disgrace that I have unwittingly brought on the name of De la Mark."

All the injustice the tenants had suffered, all extortions, were with one consent laid to Bloodworth's door, and Sir Valary was heartily forgiven by all, from his nephew downwards. Great was the rejoicing that welcomed Sir Eustace. Once more the "Due" would be what the old inhabitants of the place remembered it. Nay, it promised to surpass its former grandeur; for, simple and unostentatious as Sir Eustace was in his personal habits and tastes, he spared nothing in restoring the home of his ancestors.

It was the delight of the squire to look over his plans, suggest improvements, and extol those already made. It seemed as if he had indeed found a son in Sir Eustace, who was able to interest him in all things; such subjects, even as Charity seldom dared to enter on, came with acceptance from him.

"What shall we do when the Due is finished?" said

the squire to the ladies, as he looked at the drawing-room timepiece; "already, you see, we lose him day after day; he promised faithfully to be here by seven."

"Then he will be here," said Mrs. Brimble, confidently; and scarcely had she said so, when he entered. Most heartily was he greeted.

"Where's Char?" said the squire, looking round; "she was here just now; I want her to see the plan of the new windows in Sir Mark's Tower. Eu has brought them to-night."

"She will, I think," said Mrs. Brimble, "spend the evening with poor Marjory, whom we cannot prevail on to leave her room."

"She seems to me to be always chosen," said the squire, in a tone of displeasure, as he glanced at Flora.

"Yes, papa dear, she is," said Flora—"that's just it. Marjory likes me very well for five minutes, but at the end of that time I'm quite sure she neither sees nor hears me, though she is looking straight at me, and I am talking as fast as I can. I'm sure I can't think how Charity manages it—she can amuse her a whole evening."

"It is not fair," said the squire, "that we should always lose Char in this way. Couldn't you brush up a few subjects, Flo?"

"Why, papa, there are so many interdicted, and they happen to be the very ones that come most naturally—the improvements at the Due, and the way you tease mamma about cousin 'Jobson.' Of course one must not say anything about these, for fear of hurting her feelings, and reminding her; and music makes her melancholy. I'll go now with pleasure," she said, rising, "and send Char down; but—but—she'll go to sleep, and so shall I."

Mrs. Brimble interposed. "Charity had earnestly begged to spend the evening with her; and indeed," she said, "strange as it may seem, though Charity is so serious, she has a wonderful way of making everybody lively."

"That is the reason we want her here," said the squire.

While Flora Brimble was apparently never so happy as in the society of her cousin, whom, like her father, she found a great addition to their family party, Charity was restrained in her manner towards him, and seemed tacitly to avoid even speaking of him, availing herself of the plea of Marjory's preference for her company, to quit the family circle when he was there.

Mrs. Brimble, whose penetration, great as she thought it, did not go beyond the surface, having made her remarks on this, told her husband she was surprised that Sir Eustace should so greatly prefer Flora, as, before the relationship was known, he seemed to admire Charity.

"Prefer Flora!" said the squire; "nonsense. Flora is a good little girl; but Eu knows better than to prefer her to Char."

"I judge from what I see," said Mrs. Brimble; "he walks with Flora, talks with her, rides with her, lets her play to him, shows her his drawings, and what more would you have? while you never see him with Charity."

"That's because Flora's always in the way to be walked with, talked with, ridden with, and anything that you like, and Charity never is, and it vexes me that it is so; but you'll find a change when Madge comes out in the spring, and Char is at liberty."

called "mountain ducks" by the colonists, the plumage of which is remarkably beautiful. Like the turkey, this bird is more easily approached on horseback than on foot. All at once my attention was attracted by a small bird, which was fluttering at a height of from fifteen to twenty feet from the ground, and uttering sounds of the greatest distress. I pulled up my horse and watched it, but I could not at first distinguish what was the cause of its perturbation. It seemed endeavouring to soar, but to be incapable of doing so. Slowly but gradually the poor thing came nearer and nearer to the earth, its wings all the time moving rapidly, but apparently too feebly to remove it from the locality, until in a minute or two it sank down to within a few feet of the ground, its plaintive note becoming fainter and fainter. As my eye followed it down to the spot it was approaching, I all at once became aware of the cause of its terror. Projecting upwards from a tuft of grass, was the head and half the body of a black snake. Its mouth was open, and its forked tongue played and glittered, as, with eyes fixed with baleful power on its victim, it awaited its descent. I had approached within three or four yards, but the reptile was apparently too much absorbed in its task to notice my presence. I quickly levelled my gun and shot the snake, and at the same moment the bird fell to the ground within a foot or two of its dead enemy. I picked it up, and found it uninjured by the discharge, but nearly lifeless. After an interval, however, it rallied, and presently flew away.

I afterwards regretted having fired so soon, as I was uncertain whether the final collapse of the bird was due to the shock of the report, or to the power of the snake. The nest and eggs were close to the latter.

On another occasion, a friend who was riding briskly along, came upon a serpent extended at length on the ground. Surprised that the noise of his approach had not disturbed it, he dismounted, and, with a stick, disabled it with a blow. Another blow or two killed it; and then, for the first time, he became aware of the fact that a small bird was fluttering on the grass a short distance from where the reptile's head had been. After several unsuccessful attempts, this bird also succeeded in flying away, but it was evidently much enfeebled.

Many naturalists affirm that the serpent does undoubtedly possess the power of disabling its victim, by the exercise of its volition—by the exertion of a kind of mesmerism force, by which it quells the inferior volition of the bird, and renders it a prey. Others deny this altogether, and assert that simple terror is the only disabling agent in the matter. I am myself inclined to the former opinion, and that chiefly from the evident and entire absorption of the reptile in the process, whatever be its nature, in both the above cases. That they were engaged in some operation which required a concentration of all their faculties upon one object, is plainly shown by their not heeding interruptions, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have quickly startled them away. Moreover, it seems almost incredible that terror should act in a manner so different in birds, from what it does in other animals. When fear does not all at once paralyse, we know that its effect is to accelerate and intensify the motive powers; and in the case of the bird in the air, vainly struggling to fly, it seems hard to accept this explanation, or to account for its terror not urging it to quicker flight. Its powers of resistance seemed to me to become gradually exhausted. I met with two instances of a temporary loss of power in the human subject, from the sudden and unexpected sight of this reptile—both being women. For these cases, mere terror is, perhaps, sufficient to account; but it is singular that in both, the

FASCINATING POWER OF THE SERPENT.

I WAS riding one day along the skirts of the Barabool Hills, in Australia, trying to shoot some of the birds

eyes of the serpent were fixed upon the individual overpowered, as it stood erect and threatening; and one of them, in describing her sensations, said, "she felt as if in a dream, unable to move or cry out." In the other, after a pause of rigid fear, the individual fascinated actually advanced a step, as if irresistibly impelled towards the venomous beast by some controlling power she could not resist. But this strange impulse to approach its cause is a phenomenon often observed in cases of extreme terror. Sudden external interruption broke the charm in both instances.

To the power of music on serpents travellers in the East have often referred; and the operations of the snake charmers, who profess to entice them from their retreats by this means, have been often described. Nevertheless, this affirmed susceptibility to sweet sounds has been repeatedly denied by others, who insist that the reptiles thus apparently caught were serpents previously captured and tamed, and taught to follow the sounds, and then turned loose in the house to be operated upon. The reader need not be referred to the many writers of travels who have touched upon this subject. That the belief in the power of the snake charmers is universal in the eastern populations is certain; and the following fact will show that there is some foundation for the credence; although imposture might justly, perhaps, have been suspected in many of the instances given by travellers. Some kinds of serpent also may possess this susceptibility, and others not.

A friend of the writer, resident on a farm near Bathurst, had received from England a set of musical glasses; and one afternoon he arranged them on a table and proceeded to play upon them. The door of the room opened upon the back yard, in which, at a distance of ten or twelve yards, was a wheat-stack. With both arms reached across the table, he had played some time, when he became annoyed by receiving repeated blows on the leg, which he for a time disregarded, thinking they proceeded from his dog. For awhile he played on, occasionally thrusting at the supposed animal with his knees, to make him move farther off, when it gave him a harder blow than usual, until at length, surprised at the animal's persistence, and at the rapidity and number of the strokes he received, he paused and looked over his shoulder, and there witnessed a most extraordinary sight. Erect on a coil of its tail, spinning round and round and swaying its head and body to and fro, and evidently in a state of the most ecstatic delight, was a huge snake. The blows had proceeded from the folds of its body, as it danced hither and thither close to the chair of the unconscious musician. It did not stop its motions immediately on the cessation of the sounds, and, seizing a stick, which luckily stood handy in a corner, a few blows terminated at once its dance and its life. It had probably inhabited the wheat-stack, and been attracted thence by the sounds.

Many travellers and writers have spoken of a constitutional susceptibility to the presence of snakes, the result of a sensitive condition of the nervous system, by which certain substances, animate or inanimate, make their presence known to and felt by some individuals, when all others are unconscious. A remarkable instance came under the observation of the brother of the writer, Mr. George B. a squatter of Moreton Bay.

One day he was walking on his cattle-run, accompanied by two men, with whom he was arranging the price to be paid for inclosing an additional portion of ground for a paddock for the head station. Their route led them through some thickly-timbered ground; and while busily engaged in discussing the matter in hand,

one of the men suddenly stopped, and motioned for his companions to do so likewise.

"What is the matter?" they asked.

"There is a snake somewhere hereabouts," he replied.

Alarmed, they looked round, but could see nothing; there was no fallen timber or other material in their immediate neighbourhood which could conceal one.

"What makes you think there is a snake near?" asked Mr. B., after he had looked round in vain for one.

"Because I *know* there is; I can *feel* him," answered the man, stepping a few paces first in one direction, then in another. His face was turned upward somewhat, and his head and body projected forward; and, noticing this, Mr. B., who had somewhere read of a power said to be possessed by some of the negroes in certain of the West Indian islands of smelling the presence of a serpent, asked him if it was through that sense that he acquired his knowledge.

"No," replied the man, who, after moving in various directions, now selected a path and moved on before them slowly and cautiously, "I can't tell you how it is; I only know that when I am near one I somehow feel it. He is in this direction, I am certain. I was never mistaken," he continued; and, finally, after winding amongst the trees for about a dozen yards, he again stopped.

"He is close to that tree in front. I shall be sick if I go any farther; I feel quite faint now;" and indeed the man looked pale and ill. With sticks in their hands, Mr. B. and the other man advanced to the tree pointed out, and on going round the trunk they found some sheets of bark which had been stripped and left there to dry.

"They are under the bark," cried the man, who had shifted his position so as to command a view of it; "either it is a very large one, or else there are two or three;" a prediction which was verified the moment the bark was raised. There were two whip-snakes lying coiled up beneath, which were killed.

Very much struck by this incident, Mr. B. endeavoured to obtain a more satisfactory explanation of the *modus operandi* of this singular gift or faculty, but the man could give no other than that which he had already given. It was not by means of his external senses, most certainly, he said, not by smelling, that he became aware of their presence. When in the vicinity of one of these reptiles, he felt an indescribable sensation "all over him," as he expressed it, which increased or diminished as he approached nearer or went further from it.

It must be to the existence of some such inexplicable condition of nerve, that we must refer those extraordinary and well-authenticated cases we read of, of people gifted with the faculty of discovering springs of water and veins of metal, by certain bodily sensations. The feeling of antipathy or repulsion induced by the presence of certain animal or vegetable substances on some constitutions, must be also due to some similar peculiarity. Cases of this kind are sufficiently numerous; as, for instance, that of the gentleman who, though a brave officer, would turn pale and perspire if a cat approached him; or that of a person who would faint outright if a basket of raspberries were suddenly presented close to his face. These feelings, varying from simple dislike to profound horror, are often unjustly looked upon as mere affectation, which might be overcome by a strong effort of the will on the part of those exhibiting them. I know two gentlemen, brothers, who cannot sit down to a table where there is mutton, without experiencing feelings of great misery and disgust. How disguised soever it may be by cook-

ery, they instantly detect it, and they have repeatedly made efforts to overcome this peculiarity, but without success. Another individual of my acquaintance has a similar repugnance to walnuts. If, by a strong effort of his will, he overcomes this (as he did one evening in my presence) so far as to force himself to swallow a minute portion of one, a violent eruption spreading over the face and hands, attended by great heat of the whole body, quickly follows. He is confident that a larger quantity would prove poisonous.

Some analogous susceptibility, existing as a normal condition in the lower animals, has been supposed to account for phenomena which, common as they are, have often excited the wonder of the sportsman and naturalist. The manner in which dogs so unerringly trace out their lost masters, and cats and horses find their roads back to some former place of residence, across districts they have never before traversed, is due to some faculty never yet satisfactorily explained. It is perfectly certain that neither the senses nor the memory can be concerned in the common case of a cat shut up in a basket, and carried to a great distance from the house where it had spent the whole of its life, yet returning by the shortest route straight home again; or in that of the mule, which, born and brought up in one part of Spain, was taken to the coast and embarked for Gibraltar. The vessel was wrecked on the opposite side of the peninsula to that where it had been taken on board, and, reaching the shore safely through the surf, the animal made its way over mountains and torrents for two hundred miles in a straight line home, which it reached in an incredibly short time. The fact of its ears being pierced, showing it to have belonged to the public executioner, preserved it from being appropriated by any of the superstitious peasantry of Galicia, through which it passed, as they have a horror of such animals. In the case lately recorded, of the dog who, embarking with his master at an English port, for a summer's shooting in the western wilds of America, there lost him, and returned to New York alone, and thence, selecting an English steamer, came on to London, the memory doubtless played a prominent part; but, even allowing this to be so, it will not explain the fact. To say the faculty is *instinctive*, is simply to confess our ignorance of its nature.

THE TOURIST IN IRELAND.

V.—THE LINEN CAPITAL—BELFAST.

Nor having beheld gaslight for more than six weeks, during our sojourn in distant regions of Antrim, whither as yet that great invention has not penetrated, we were dazzled more than its deserts with the first drive through the streets of Belfast. Next morning revealed the streets as not particularly handsome brick-built channels of an exceeding busy traffic—busiest in the narrowest and least attractive thoroughfares, as is usual.

We had been awakened very early by an abundant ringing of bells and shrieking of steam-whistles from all quarters; after which followed, presently, a trampling of numerous feet and chatter of numerous voices. Then we remembered that we were in the Linen Capital; and there were throngs of the linen operatives passing by to their factories, four hours before the respectable wearers of that product would be thinking of breakfast. In twenty minutes the twilight streets were silent as before, except in the neighbourhood of the linen hives, where the whirr of spindles and clack of looms, and subdued roar of steam-engines, must force all near-dwellers into the virtue of early rising.

Of course, the first thing to be seen in Belfast is a factory; and which shall that be but the most colossal of flax-factories, Mulholland's? As the greatest, it was also the earliest in Ireland. Some idea of the immense advance of the manufacture may be gained from the fact, that in 1806 the town contained but two hundred and two spindles for canvas yarns; whereas in 1852 there were eighty-one mills, employing about half a million spindles, and investing many millions of money.

Walking to Henry Street, the site of "Mulholland's," we notice how clean and thrifty-looking is Belfast. It does not dwell in smoky clouds, like Manchester and Glasgow, while the bustle and activity in its streets and on its wharves would remind one of either. We have before observed this cleanness about other linen towns of the north; for instance, about that tidy little Coleraine. Our mental picture of Coleraine is of new neat houses, set among the most vivid green fields, with an intensely blue broad river sweeping silently under a handsome bridge. We fancied we could trace a certain fitness in the association of its name with the purest and finest of linens, which are called technically, Coleraines.

But here are the long ranges of brick building; and we remember that we passed them last night, illuminated like a palace of a genie—hundreds of wide windows glowing brilliantly. A whirr of machinery fills all the air about, like an under-current of some rushing tide which waits for no man. By an unpretending door we enter, and pass six counting-houses, which manage the pen-and-ink department of the great establishment. Our friend presents his card, and a clerk is assigned to us as cicerone; and we are led through folding-doors, the noise of the whirr gradually swelling louder, as when one nears a cataract, past more long offices, into the central court. We are at the bottom of a brick well, a square allowance of sky over our heads, and storey after storey rising all round. The tongue of the concern is here—a huge bell in a tower of its own, which bell was among those which roused us so untimely this morning. A door to the right ushers to the apartments where the first act of the sorcery which transforms a green plant of the field into a spotless snowy shirt front, is carried on.

The flax, which has been steeped and "heckled," (which means soundly thrashed and combed out,) is here rolling along in endless ribbons of pale, silky, dove-colour, curling and lapsing off steel shafts into receivers, watched and occasionally touched by guardian women. What we learn afterwards to be a great calm, dwells here. The straps and spindles move gently, and there is no ear-splitting roar of machinery. Outside is the funnel, reaching from the basement to the topmost storey, wherein men are continually ascending and descending in a cage. Being rather more accustomed to staircase, we decline the novel method of shortening our journey, and climb stone steps to our next stage. Here, indeed, is the very temple of Noise itself. Hundreds and thousands of spindles are careering round and round incessantly. Along, beneath them all, are channels of boiling water, giving off a steam which fills the spinning-rooms, making the atmosphere most unhealthily hot and moist. A tropical jungle at noon could scarce be more so. Cadaverous girls in thin clothes attend to the millions of threads which are in process of drawing out and twisting, joining them wherever they break, and having a watchful eye down the fifty spindles in each frame for the purpose. They lift off their languid gaze to look at us, but very much as if all human affairs had ceased to interest them outside those rollers and spindles.

Some of the thread is marvellously fine; one wonders how it can bear the apparently rough process of weaving,

which presently we witness in a large low room, containing five hundred girls at looms: and such a clacking and clashing there is, such a darting of arrowy shuttles to and fro across the paly-brown warp, such a slow uncoiling and coiling of masses of dusky card, as gradually grows the pattern on the damask beneath. One's eyes are dazed and one's ears deafened for the first few minutes. We are taken to the section where Jacquard's looms stand, each having the pile of dusky perforated card aforesaid, over head; slowly gliding by, a wire attached to each thread in the warp passes through a hole or strikes against the solid part of the card, according to its destiny, and makes a corresponding mark on the material which is being woven, raising or depressing threads for the weft to cross under or over. Thus, dear reader, was the figured damask of your table linen this day produced.

The girls here earn from six to eight shillings per week at the superintendence of looms. Altogether the factory occupies twenty-five hundred pairs of hands continually.

"A fierce democracy are these factory-girls and women," said our friend. "You should see them when they turn out occasionally for any real or fancied grievance; I can tell you I would sooner face the same number of men, by far."

The last part of "Mulholland's" which we visited was the temple of Steam itself, the house where the giant lived who did all this work. We saw the huge arms rising and sinking, the shining steel balls gyrating, the vast wheels ponderously revolving. Galleries went round, and spiral steps, at a respectful distance from his strength. He lives by himself in the middle of the courtyard, and commands all the spindles everywhere.

Having seen the linen so far, our friend thought we ought to view it in another stage, at the Linen Hall itself. This is a large quadrangular building in Donegal Square—low, and fashioned of brick in 1715, at a cost of £10,000. Well planted grounds surround it. Now here we passed through scores of silent chambers, filled with bales and rolls of linen of every size and quality, and every colour between the deepest drab and purest white. The noisiest thing in the place was a hydraulic press, groaning and squealing as it compressed linen into a third of its natural space. Here was linen bleached and unbleached, coarse and fine, narrow and wide, adapted to every imaginable purpose and purse. Our conductor told us a curious circumstance about the ornamental papers which wrap round the "pieces" of linen.

"We are obliged," said he, "to have different styles for different nations of customers. Now, it might make all the odds of sale or not sale to a Yankee, whether the wrapper were a gay or a dull colour. Consequently we send very flash patterns to America, always; while soberer ones 'take' in England. The Spanish market likes bright colours also, scarlets and yellows particularly. Blues do better in France—blue and silver, or some pretty contrast of the kind."

We learn also that a very large sum yearly is paid away from Ireland by the manufacturers, mainly to French designers, for these very papers, and for the ornamental boxes in which sets of cambric handkerchiefs are packed. Some of these latter have prints on their lids, which, for accuracy of outline and purity of colouring, are worthy of a better place; and the marvel is, by what minuteness of remuneration to the artist and workman these can be given gratis with the goods. Irish Schools of Art ought surely to be able to meet the demand for tasteful and trained designers now.

Our friend was very proud of his Linen Hall, and of his northern manufacture of linen generally. "And we owe it all, sir, all to a spice of national jealousy: we wouldn't be allowed to become woollen manufacturers, so we had to raise the flax in self-defence;" which is a veritable fact of history. In the session of 1698, William III. promised his parliament that he "would do all that in him lay to discourage the woollen manufacture in Ireland, and to encourage the linen manufacture;" and out of evil good has come.

Another "sight" in Belfast is the Botanic Garden, a pretty promenade, where the stranger notices the wax-like bells of the arbutus blowing freely in the open air. If he has been to Killarney, he has seen the same half-hardy shrub springing indigenous to the dimensions of a tree, wild in every direction. The garden also contains a good collection of all the heaths which grow self-sown in Irish bogs; and another segment is filled with an arrangement of nearly all the wild plants of the United Kingdom, including that important tribe, the Grasses.

After the Botanic Garden we visited its neighbour, the Queen's College, a very handsome and extensive brick building pointed with grey stone, which has a rich effect on its Gothic gables and pinnacles. The warm colouring of the mass, toned down by the edges, is particularly pleasing. The interior is commodious and even splendid. We glanced through the museums and lecture-halls, and climbed to the summit of the tower, a hundred feet above the archway, whence is a very fine view of the town and surrounding country, and a glimpse of the far shining Belfast Lough—all very comely and prosperous-looking.

This palace of learning is in good place here, close by the Irish Athens. During its first session, of 1849, it boasted as many students as Cork and Galway Colleges put together—just as should be in the town where the first Bible ever printed in Ireland was produced, the first magazine published, the first newspaper issued. The latter is alive still, calling itself "The Belfast Newsletter," and dating back to 1737. So you see that Belfast has some pretensions to the lofty cognomen of "the Irish Athens."

Its antiquity is but small. James I. presented it, an insignificant fishing village on a ford of the Lagan—for its Irish name is "Beal-na-forsad," the mouth of the ford—to Sir Arthur Chichester, who procured the incorporation of the borough in 1613. Fifty years afterwards, Belfast had but six streets. Even now, Carrickfergus is considered the county town, and, by an unreasonable fiction, written down so in children's geographies; while it might veritably be stolen out of a suburb of its big neighbour. Within the last thirty years, the population of Belfast has increased threefold, and swollen to more than a hundred thousand—to the great increase, likewise, of the income of the Marquis of Donegal, the chief proprietor.

A short walk from the College brought us to that celebrated charitable institution, "The Ulster Asylum for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind"—a long Elizabethan building, two storeys high; neat and unpretending, as eleemosynary establishments should ever be. The grounds in front had numbers of the children walking and playing about; it was affecting to notice how many were in pairs, combining infirmities—the blind led by the mute. In fact, this seemed to be a sort of rule among them. Many boys were gardening with rakes and wheelbarrows, seeming much absorbed in their occupation; others—of those who could see—running and leaping; while the blind enjoyed their compensation of laughing and talking abundantly.

dantly; and the looker-on blessed the benevolent, which had provided alleviations for the misfortune of these hapless beings.

"Is it possible that we have 'done' Belfast already?"

"Oh no; there is the Queen's Island, and the water-works, and no end of other factories, and Holywood, if you choose to go to it." The list was unpromising.

Being an eminently prosperous practical place, without much time to spend on the ornamental, or much history to adorn the commonplace, Belfast has but few lions. It is a great growing city of to-day, devoting its chief energies to the development of linen. It has spent half a million on its harbour, deepening the estuary of the Lagan, so that now vessels drawing eighteen feet of water can come up at spring tides; and its commerce is flourishing. There is a semblance of the life of Liverpool about its quay—something of the rush of Glasgow in its High Street.

For one halfpenny we were ferried across to the Queen's Island, and acquired the right of coming back again. We were told of a people's park in embryo, which lay beyond; but at present its expanses were unmitigated mud, over which we gazed from the firm land of these pretty miniature public gardens. There was a sort of overgrown conservatory in the midst, containing not only plants, but aquaria, cages of monkeys, parrots and foreign birds. A gigantic emeu had a pen all to himself, and looked stedfastly on us from his sad clear eyes, but did not despise the picking up of biscuit, with many inflexions of his long throat. A photographer in a glass chamber was utilizing the sunlight in pallid picture. Altogether the place was a pleasant lounge, and must greatly recreate the tired muscle and brain of Belfast on summer evenings. A battery of two or three guns looking down the Lough, is the scene of loyal salutes and *feux de joie*. Fair ships dotted the anchorage grounds, secured from north and west winds by surrounding hills. A ponderous frowning mass of purple, rose the Cave Hill, beside the town. On dit, that this island owes its existence chiefly to masses of slob thrown up in deepening the channel; and if so, never was slob turned to a prettier use; and the reclamation deserves to be classed with that of the Mound in Edinburgh, which was an eyesore till it became a beauty by planting and building.

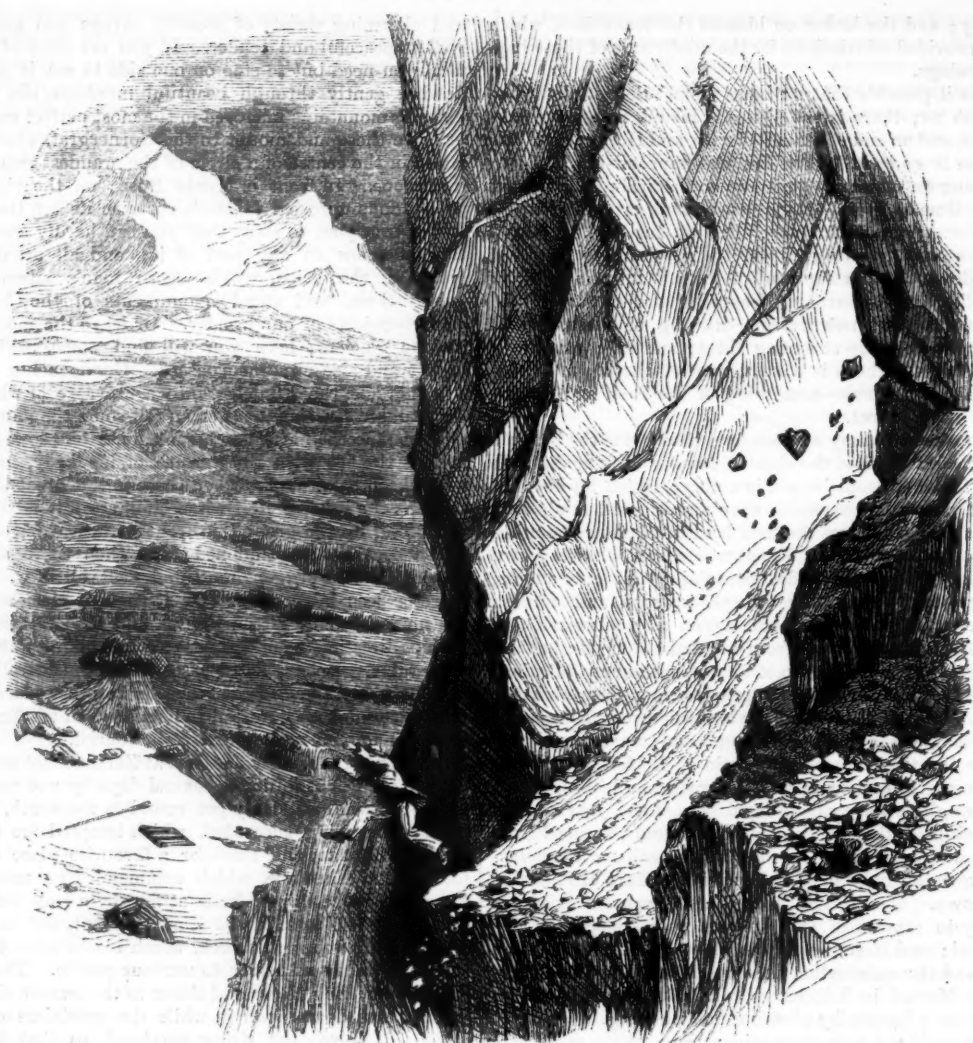
We could not help contrasting the vivacity and neatness of Belfast with the deadness and dirt of many southern towns, and remembering at the same time that the religion of Rome is the exception in the former, while it embraces the great majority in the latter. Invariably is this contrast visible between the Protestant and the Catholic towns in Ireland, and even between the Protestant and the Catholic quarters of the same towns: the prosperous, the wealthy, the enlightened, the progressive, against the poverty-stricken, the indolent, the uneducated, the superstitious. We all know in which of these classes lies national strength, and national decay. Belfast has hitherto held true to her tradition of being the first place in Ireland where the printing-press performed its noblest office—publishing a Bible.

UNDER THE MATTERHORN.

THERE is no place in Switzerland which has risen so rapidly in public favour as Zermatt, and it has well deserved the attention bestowed on it, for "Young Chamouni," as it is now generally called, is a most attractive place. Its situation is fine: it lies at the bottom of a great natural basin, into which six large glaciers fall; and as all of these send forth torrents, there is a great

and charming variety of scenery, savage and grand, as well as peaceful and tender. If you are tired of waterfalls, you need but to step on one side to see, in streams flowing gently through beautiful meadows, the neighbouring mountains mirrored in the most perfect manner; or leave these and mount to the Gornergrat, where you stand in the centre of a circle of the grandest mountains in Europe. In front is Monte Rosa; on the right the tremendous unscaled Matterhorn, with its ten thousand feet of precipice, so steep that you can hardly see a particle of snow on any part of it; and all around are giants of the Alps, which scorn man's attempts to mount them, and stand—monuments of the Creator's power—objects of our wonder. Or leave the mountains for the glaciers; here you will find some, which for beauty and size are unsurpassed. Commencing at the left, there is the Findelen, into a crevasse of which an unfortunate Russian gentleman fell some time ago, and, no assistance being at hand, sank lower and lower as he melted the ice with the warmth of his body, and has never been extricated. Then there is the great Gorner, perhaps the longest in Switzerland, steadily advancing, ploughing up the ground in front of it, causing châlets to be continually abandoned; and then there are the Theodule and Furgge, Zmutt and Trift, all of which are more or less interesting. Or if tired of glaciers, there are no less than fifteen passes and roads, leading in various directions from Zermatt; so that, taking waterfalls, mountains, glaciers, and passes into consideration, it may be safely affirmed that there is no other place, even in Switzerland, so beautiful in itself, and which furnishes an equal amount of pleasure to the tourist.

I had been staying some time at Zermatt last autumn, having been kept in-doors several days by wet weather, when the wind suddenly got round to the north, and a brilliant morning succeeded, which tempted me to get up with the sun, and start for a favourite place at the foot of the Theodule, which commanded an unusually fine view. The way up leads at first by a rude path following the left bank of the Zmutt torrent, and in about a mile reaches a great rock, which blocks up the path, and is a cause of terror to nervous people. The path had been getting closer and closer to the torrent, till now I could look down upon it, while the precipices on the other side have been rising overhead, so that here I was shut in between two walls of rock, and creeping as it were along one of them, with a boiling, raging stream some hundred feet below. All at once the path turns sharply to the right, and at the angle is an enormous boulder, supported no one knows how, and looking as if the slightest push would overturn it. So little room is there to pass this, that it has been found imperative to scoop out some of it to let the path pass. In a few steps more I was past the rock, across the torrent, and struck across meadows, which, early as it was, were all alive with haymakers, soon coming to the angle of the Gorner glacier. It comes tumbling down at this place in a very grand and reckless manner, and, as it falls over steep and ragged ground, it is very much broken up into crevasses, which, melted by the sun, take the pinnacly form. This is an excellent position for pitching stones down the crevasses; and, as the stones are handily placed, what can be more natural than to do so? I confess it was a favourite sport to launch a great block off the hill side, and see it gradually accelerating in speed, carrying with it an avalanche of small stones and earth, and at last taking leaps into the air, finally shooting over the side with the speed of a cannon ball—dashing on to the ice, and not stopping till it disappeared into a crack, where, long after it was out of sight, it might be heard bounding



"AT THE SAME MOMENT A SHOWER OF ROCKS FELL ON THE VERY SPOT FROM WHICH I HAD JUMPED."

from side to side, at last settling with a heavy thud at the bottom. Exciting and pleasant as this sport is to those engaged in it above, it is more exciting and not nearly so pleasant to any one who may be below; and I was not cured of amusing myself in this manner till after one day when, on the mountains at Chamouni, some tourists above acted in a similar manner, which nearly resulted in my own destruction.

But the sun is getting up, and we must hasten forwards. Little more than a mile of steep mountain side brings us to the Furgge torrent, which is crossed by a bold bridge. After that it takes but half an hour of climbing to get to my sketching station. But, unfortunately, I found, while I had been mounting, the clouds had been doing the same; so, after vainly attempting for several hours to sketch the mountain tops, I packed up; and, not relishing the idea of returning by the same path, (which from frequent visits had become wearisome,) determined to cross the Gorner glacier to the Riffel Hotel, and from thence return to Zermatt.

Setting off at a rapid pace over rocks and snow, occasionally wading through one of the many streams from the Theodule, and after an hour's scrambling, I came to the first difficulty, in the shape of a precipice some three

hundred feet deep, which, from my elevated position, I saw must be descended to cross the glacier. The reason why was short and plain. At the foot of the cliff, and extending right across the glacier, the ice was very little crevassed, and offered no difficulty whatever; but higher up, though there was no precipice to descend, the ice was fearfully riven, and as I was quite alone, would have been exceedingly puzzling, if not impassable; so, finding there was simply the choice of descending the cliff or returning, I chose the former.

The general contour of it was as nearly as possible perpendicular; but, as it was a good deal broken up, there was not much difficulty in descending by zigzagging down from one mass to another; but at last a piece of rock had to be passed, which at first looked a decided stopper. Imagine a long slab, nearly smooth, fixed like a shoot at an angle of about 40° between two wall-sided pieces of rock. It was impossible to tell where one would go to if the slab was passed by sliding down, as nothing could be seen, and the rocks at the side did not afford any hold. Return was out of the question, but how to get down did not readily appear; it was passed at last in a unique method—by lying across the shoot, and putting the shoulders stiffly against one side, with

the feet gripping against the other, and gradually wriggling down, by moving first the legs and then the back, till the end of the slab was reached, where, a friendly ledge affording a hold for the bâton, I dropped down to the next piece. My sketch-book was very much in the way, as I found with it, it was impossible to use both hands. It presently, very fortunately, relieved me, by accidentally sliding away, and lodging near the bottom, close to the part to which I was working. It took a long time coming down that little piece of cliff, and right glad I was to see the ice close at hand, but in a moment more I experienced the reverse sensation, for there was a new and unlooked-for difficulty, which was rather staggering. The place at which I descended terminated in a steep slope, covered with loose *débris* of stones and earth, which had lodged there in falling from above; this was, of course, very loose and insecure footing. All along the side of the cliff, as far as could be seen in both directions, the ice did not touch it; but there was a huge marginal crevasse, the depth of which I could only guess by throwing down stones, as the sides overhung.

It was at the most narrow part, nearly seven feet from edge to edge; but what increased the difficulty was that the ice was a little higher than the edge of the rock; farther up it approached considerably closer; but then there was no chance of holding on the rock. All this was seen at a glance, and almost at once I came to the conclusion that I could not jump it, and began directly to try along the cliff lower down, but with no success, for the ice rose higher and higher as I went down, till at last further progress was stopped by the cliff becoming perfectly smooth. Had a party been here with an axe, they would no doubt have cut their way up the side of the glacier; but being alone, I saw there was no alternative but to return and face the jump.

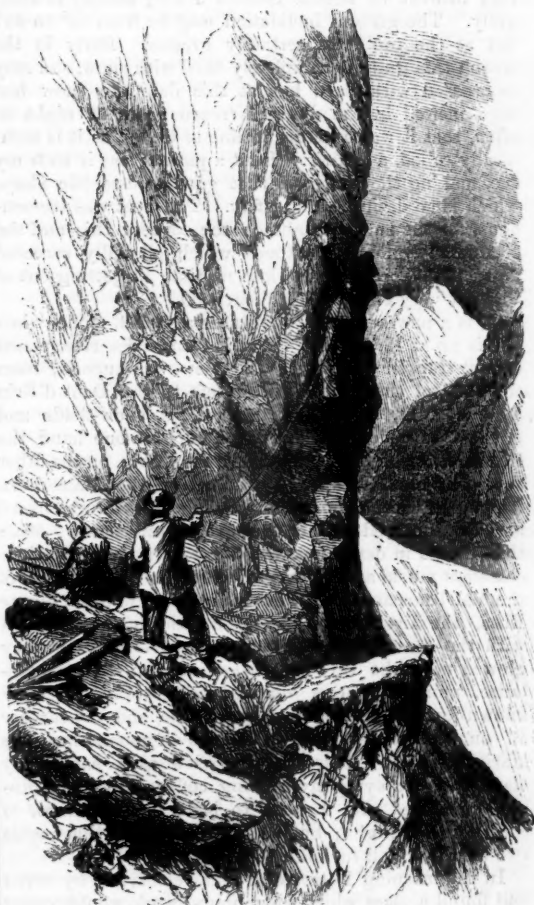
It was getting towards evening, and the solemn stillness of the high Alps was only broken by the rushing of water under the ice, or the fall of rocks. I was alone: if I succeeded in jumping it—well; if not, I fell into that horrible chasm, where, if not instantly smashed in falling, I could only be frozen in, or drowned in that horrid, gurgling, rushing water: everything depended on that jump; again I asked myself, could it be done? It *must* be. So, finding my bâton was useless, I threw it and the sketch-book on to the ice, and, first retreating as far as I could, ran forward with all my might, took the leap, and barely reached the other side. At the same moment a shower of rocks fell on to the very spot from which I had jumped. My success astonished me; but I instinctively hurried away from the spot as fast as possible, quickly crossed the glacier, and, after clambering up the rocks on the other side, got to the Riffel Hotel* somewhat after seven o'clock. Dinner was being served, and the attractions of a *table d'hôte* proved irresistible to a hungry fellow who had been fasting a dozen hours; but ere dinner was over, the light was going very fast; and, as a descent of 3500 feet had to be made to Zermatt, over a path I did not know, I was obliged to move.

As I was leaving, a friend shouted out after me, "Try and get a man from the chalets lower down, or you will lose yourself in the forest." I shouted acquiescence and hurried away, but on arriving at them could not find any one; and a light in Zermatt, ever so far below, seemed to say, "Never mind a guide, but come along down—I'll

show you the way;" so off I went through the forest, going straight at the light. Never before had I such a scramble: it was perfectly dark, no moon, and through a thick forest moreover; now it was being precipitated forwards by stumbling over a pine stump; now suddenly sliding, *volens volens*, down twenty feet of smooth rock, convulsively clutching at all kinds of prickly things to save going no one could tell how much farther. It cost me four hours' hard work to get to the hotel, being just past twelve as I entered the *salle à manger*, covered with dirt, and blood from innumerable scratches, astonishing a party of females, who were vigorously scrubbing the floor. The following day I went up to and returned from the Riffel in two hours and a quarter, and wondered at the route I had taken on the previous night, as few people would like to try it even in the daylight.

My day taught me two things which were very useful in other rambles; first, beware of speculating on your route, especially when it lies over a glacier; and secondly, never try to go down a mountain by yourself in the dark, over a path you have not trodden before.

ON THE MATTERHORN.



In the foregoing paper I have described an excursion made two years ago in the shadow of this grand old mountain. This season, ambitious grown, I no longer wandered in the surrounding valleys, but strove to reach its untrod summit. It matters not how, time after time,

* This is a comfortable little inn, situated on a mountain slope called the Riffelberg, at an elevation of about 8000 feet, from which a similar view is seen to that from the Gornergrat, though on a less extensive scale. It is the starting-point for the ascent of Monte Rosa; and, as it is also a centre from which a great number of excursions may be made, it is always full of Alpine men and tourists.

I was foiled by the weather and other things beyond my control; guides broke down, turned ill, or feigned to be so; I was resolved to go on till I reached the summit or found it inaccessible.

My tent was already left at a height of nearly 12,000 feet, on the mountain; but thinking it might go yet higher in safety, I set out from the hotel at Breuil on the 18th of July last, to search for a ledge on which it might be placed.

It is a matter of opinion as to the prudence of mountaineering alone; some condemn it *in toto*, although others practise it continually in safety. For myself, while I never venture alone on snow-covered mountains or the upper part of glaciers, where there may be concealed crevasses, on rock mountains I think a good mountaineer may go properly by himself, although I do not recommend the habit. No one could have expected accident less than myself, as I mounted steadily upward over the now familiar ground: the waterfalls, châlet, lake, little staircase first gully, grand staircase, col, (points I have not space to describe,) were rapidly passed, and soon I reached the welcome tent. Between the two last-named points, the grand escalier and the col, the route skirts the foot of a precipice, and, on the side nearest to Breuil, crosses a very steeply inclined gully. The general inclination may be from 40° to 45° , but at the top it is certainly greater. Early in the season this gully is completely filled with snow, and may be crossed with ease; but at this date the snow had been melted in the day and frozen again at night so often, that it was a glassy incline of ice, or, as it is technically called, a couloir. I cut a path across it with my axe, making the steps of that good coal-scuttle shape which is so desirable for safety. The heat was tremendous, for the sun lay right on the corner; this and the occasional volleys of stones which playfully careered down the slope, made me lose no time in getting out of this not very eligible neighbourhood.

It is a new sensation to witness a sunset, alone, when one is up at 12,000 feet. Words cannot describe, pencil cannot transfer its glory. My view was superb; from the cliffs of the Cervin on the left, to the Dent d'Erin on the right, mountains and valleys, snow-fields and glaciers, extended without number. On one hand the snow avalanches rattled off the Dent d'Erin, on the other the rocks roared as they descended on the Matterhorn itself. In the intervals the chirping of birds was heard as they fluttered round their rock-built nests. More than a mile in depth below, the torrents gave out their ceaseless music as they rushed through the darkness of the Val Tournanche; towering above me in front, Monte Rosa, the Lyskamm, and the Breithorn were radiant with the most brilliant light, while overhead the sky glowed with the rays of the setting sun. In the distance, more than one hundred miles away, the well-known form of Monte Viso was visible, and yet farther off on its left two distinct ranges of mountains—the Maritime Alps. This was my view as I sat in my blanket bag enjoying my evening coffee. Soon the sunlight vanished and I went to bed; it froze hard, of course, in the night; but one does not mind that inside two blankets, and fur boots.

In the morning I started at four o'clock, and by seven had found a place which a few hours' work would render habitable; I mounted higher, and got that day much farther than I had been before, and higher than any one else. At one, I turned back, and left the tent again at five, disencumbering myself of everything with which I could dispense; leaving my axe and cord behind, imagining that the steps cut the day before would be suffi-

cient for this day also. Ten minutes' rapid descent brought me to the col, a narrow ridge dividing the great mass of the Matterhorn from its secondary peak, and I paused to light a cigar and feast my eyes on the noble view through the gap. The tent was a mere speck, and I considered myself already as good as at Breuil. Round the ledges I went, practice enabling me to pass the several awkward places without difficulty,* until I arrived at the couloir, and in a moment I perceived I was in somewhat of a fix, for my coal-scuttle steps had dwindled down to the size of tea-cups. Two courses were open to me: to return for my axe and bivouac a second night alone, or make the best steps possible with my bâton's point. An empty stomach decided the question, and I commenced digging the steps anew, holding with my right hand to a cranny in the rock. To the present moment I cannot tell how it happened, but just as I was stepping from one to the other, I slipped.

To understand the position properly, let the reader imagine an ordinary funnel cut in half downwards through the centre. Let him place it with the convex side downwards and the point below, so that the cut edges are at an angle of more than 45° . It was just so; the couloir narrowed at the bottom so rapidly that it became a mere neck through the rock, and anything falling through that, took one gigantic leap of 800 or 1000 feet on to the glacier below. I was on one of the edges when I slipped; in a second the knapsack brought my head down first, and I fell into some rocks peeping through the ice about twenty feet below. My bâton was dashed from my hand; I again flew outwards down the slope, literally head over heels, bound after bound; now over ice, now into rocks: four or five times my head was struck, each time with increased force, and in a few seconds I found myself flung violently against the broken rocks on the other side and sliding down the ice. My head then came right way up, and a few frantic catches brought me to a stop on the verge of the precipice. Bâton, hat, and veil skimmed by and vanished from my sight as I looked up, and the crash of the rocks on the glacier below told me how fortunate had been my escape. In a moment I was nearly blinded with the blood from the cuts in the head—a handkerchief tied over them was useless; but with snow I plastered my head completely over. By this it was partially stopped, and, clambering immediately up the rock to which I was holding, I found a place large enough to sit down, and fainted directly. It was not for long—a minute or two—and then I perceived the horrid nature of the fall, and my wonderful escape. The distance I measured a week afterwards, and found it 195 feet; down this I had come in five or six bounds, flying in the last from one side of the couloir to the other in one great leap of fully sixty feet.

There was no time, however, to reflect on this, for the evening was drawing in, and there was still a descent of 4000 feet in depth to be made to Breuil. In a most wonderful manner this descent was accomplished; not a single false step or mistake as to the route stopped my progress, and though I got in long after dark, it was probably as soon as had there been no accident. All apprehensions as to the damage done were set at rest on examination, as the cuts were found to be superficial, and four days' rest was sufficient to allow me to start once more.

During that period, I had plenty of time to reflect on

* The small illustration at the head of this article represents a futile attempt made with one guide to ascend the Matterhorn in 1861. The snow ridge at the back is the col, which has been mentioned more than once. The part shown in the engraving was very different this year from 1861, and was easily passed by a single person.

my merciful preservation. For such a fall the cuts and bruises were insignificant; for, though numerous, not one was dangerous. No one could expect to fall down that gully, and stop on the very verge of the precipice. But for the snow I might have fainted on the spot, and if so should certainly have rolled over and been utterly smashed. Lastly, no one could expect to come down that long descent without a bâton, so speedily and so easily. In all this there was something more than chance.

In conclusion, I hope that no reader will say that, because of such accidents as these, all mountaineering is madness or folly.* It was, I confess, an undoubted error to leave my axe behind; let another profit by experience and stick to his axe, cut his steps deeper than before, and, above all, take heed to his steps.

LEDESDALE GRANGE.

A TALE OF COAL-FIELDS AND CORN-FIELDS.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE PESTILENCE.

AND NOW the anticipated danger became a present one; the cholera had come in earnest; the "pestilence," with its train of horrors, was at Ledesdale again. Many weeks had passed since its reappearance had first been deprecated, and since people had begun to plan against it, and take measures for warding off the attack; now, it was not only on the spot, but doing its fatal work with a rapidity that made people look fearfully into one another's faces, as though asking "Whose turn next?" But still its ravages were not what they had been before. When the visitation had passed, men were able to look back thankfully, and own the rod had fallen lightly—had been wielded by a correcting, not a destroying hand; but at first they knew not what to think: all was dread and consternation. It was curious to note the different effects that a sense of peril produced on different minds. In some it bred a recklessness and bold contempt of danger; in others, a stupid kind of apathy; some seemed overwhelmed with terror, unable to think or act on the emergency; others, calm and unshaken, seemed yet to have their senses stimulated to performances beyond themselves. The alleys with the "pest heaps," as might have been expected, came badly off; but though the principal sufferers lay in quarters such as these, it was not in such only that the destroying bolt now fell—not the weak and wretched only who were prostrated.

It was then that the Vicar of Ledesdale came out in another light from any he had appeared in before. People asked themselves, could it be the same man? His own friends looked with astonishment, and said, that like one who had slept too long, he seemed making up for lost time; perhaps he himself felt that the comparison was not quite unreasonable. Whatever of cold reserve and shyness might formerly have marked his deportment, seemed now to have disappeared; whatever of indolence or self-abstraction had once been apparent, was gone—shaken off—not without a strong effort, but with the will of a man who, to use a homely phrase, is "made of the right stuff, after all," of a man who, having learned a hard but very salutary lesson, is bringing it to bear on his daily life as though learned to some purpose.

The night funerals were sources of great disquiet to poor Mrs. Mayberry, the sole domestic at the vicarage, after "the boy" had retired from his boot and shoe department in the scullery. Some of the vicarage windows

overlooked the churchyard; and, yielding to a horrible fascination, she would, night after night, plant herself at one of these, watching the white figure of her master, as he performed the mournful rites, and listening to the solemn words of our beautiful burial service, which occasionally reached her ear. The figures of the mourners, too, in the long white hoods and caps, which in that district were worn by women at funerals, had something fearfully spectral, and altogether appalling in their aspects. As Mrs. Mayberry said, she used to stay watching till "her hair began to stand up and her flesh to scrawl;" and never could she summon resolution to leave that station of terror, till reassured by her master's voice down stairs she was able to return, shaken in nerve but undaunted in purpose, to her interrupted avocations.

What sights she saw in addition to the funerals, what voices she heard besides that of mere human sound, is not to be affirmed here; but, that she could have told a great deal more on the subject than she ever did, is to be gathered from mysterious screwings up of the lip, and ominous shakes of the head, which usually render silence more forcible than words, and which she indulged in pretty freely. One night, while maintaining her customary vigil, and watching with gloomy imaginings the operations going forward, a knock, hasty and imperative, was heard at the hall door. Mrs. Mayberry listened to the sound, and, as she afterwards declared, it "went all over her;" but the idea of opening the door, in obedience to the same, never entered into her head. Again, and still more emphatically, the knock resounded through the nearly empty house. "Oh, you may knock away," thought Mrs. Mayberry, now able to view the matter in a calmer light, "and the more you knock, the more I won't go to you." Fortunately for him that knocked, by the time he had repeated his attack for the third time, and done it in a manner, too, that threatened destruction to the impeding door, Mr. Rivers made his appearance, having let himself in another way, and his voice was soon heard in conference with the messenger. "Martha," he called out presently; and Mrs. Mayberry made her appearance: "I find I am wanted at The Grange immediately; don't wait up for me, for I shall, probably, not return till late in the morning."

"Sir—Mr. Rivers!" said poor Martha, and in her terror she caught hold of his coat, and held it in a tight grasp, "I'd no more sleep alone in this house, with them bodies—I wouldn't do it, sir, for all the gold in the world; don't leave me, sir, pray."

"Well, you shall not be left alone; I'll call and ask the clerk's daughter to come and keep you company."

"You'll be sure and do it, sir?"

"Don't be afraid; good night," then, turning to the messenger, he inquired in an agitated voice, "Is your master very bad?"

"Not to say so very bad, sir; we thought it was nothing but nervous fear, owing to a man's having been took in the works this morning; but missis was frightened, and when the doctor come, he said he was down with this complaint."

He was indeed; and Mr. Rivers found, when he arrived at the house, that in a very few hours the disease had made fearful progress. He was shown into a room where the patient lay writhing in mortal agony; it was a pitiable spectacle. Disease, suffering, and death are bad enough to witness at any time; but when the strong man is suddenly struck down, when the healthy and vigorous are forced prematurely (so we think) to bow to the stroke of the destroyer, then it becomes doubly heart-rending. The poor wife's look of woe, as Mr. Rivers entered the room, went to his very heart; she was stand-

* We admit that in Alpine exploration-peril must be encountered; but where no useful results to science are expected, hazardous adventures degenerate into mere feats of pedestrian Blondinism. We leave our readers to judge whether the scaling of the Matterhorn is an object for which the further risking of life is to be justified.—ED. L. H.

ing by her husband's side, holding his hand in hers; it was hard to say which of the two looked the more ghastly. Very soon after the clergyman arrived, Henry Purden became unconscious, raved wildly for some time about "that man Sneyd," and various transactions concerning which it was impossible to conjecture if they had a real existence, or were the products of his fevered brain, and constantly, in most pathetic language, conjured his wife to "take it away from him."

"Take what away, my darling?" she would answer, as well as her tears would let her, only to have the request repeated, till at length his strength seemed spent, and he lay perfectly still.

Poor Harry! he had long had an "end to answer:" was it answered yet? Had his own end come? Was he himself answering to his final summons? Mr. Rivers often said that was the most fearful night he had ever gone through; he refused to lie down, and spent it chiefly in pacing up and down a little dressing-room, listening to the mournful sounds which proceeded from the next apartment, and now and then offering a few words of comfort to the terror-stricken wife. She could only wring her hands, and shake her head in a mute agony, which was more distressing to the beholder than the most poignant words of sorrow could have been. Mr. Lucas was not much more composed; they were a mournful party.

Day was advancing when Mr. Rivers became conscious that a stranger was in the room. It was a lady advanced in years, and of small stature, whose bright eyes, as he turned to her, were fixed intently on his face. He concluded it was Mrs. Cameron, whom he had never been allowed to see, and presently he advanced towards where she stood, saying a few words in a low tone with reference to the scene before them. Still those bright earnest eyes were fixed on him; and oh, how they glowed when he spoke to her! she put up her hands, as if deprecating his nearer approach; her lips moved quickly, though no sound escaped her, and in another minute she was at his feet, insensible. Of course the immediate impression was that she had been struck with cholera, but it proved otherwise. Presently she rallied, and though she wept passionately for a length of time, showed no farther sign of illness. When the doctor, who had been summoned off to other patients, arrived again, about seven o'clock, he pronounced Mr. Purden "better, decidedly better—there was every reason to hope now that he would rally." The "end" for him was not yet. That "captive of the Terrible" had, for the time, been "taken away."

But poor Gemmy Dawes had to leave all his beloved instruments, to be separated from violin and organ, even from that dear flute, the better angel of his life, as he regarded it. His death was a lingering and a peaceful one. The violence of the attack had ceased, and hopes were entertained of his recovery. The poor old mother, whose attention was unremitting throughout, was never weary of assuring friends that "James wer' coming round beautiful, and would be playing his flute again as well as ever, in a day or two;" but he never played it again, for the fever, which after cholera so frequently sets in, was slowly wasting out his life. When Mr. Rivers on one occasion paid his daily visit, he started and half turned away, for he recognised Annie Marriott, or, as she now was, Mrs. Ainsworth, in the lady seated at the organ in the poor boy's room; he rallied himself however, and went boldly in. She was playing a grand anthem of Handel, and the face of one listener, at least, was expressive of such rapturous enjoyment, such intense appreciation of the music, and its association with the words, that the mere earthly passion retired from

the presence abashed and penitent. "Oh, Mr. Rivers," said poor Gemmy, when the sweet sound of the notes had died away, "you think that there'll be music in heaven? You know it, don't you?" Ralph Turner said last night there'd be no hearing there as we do here, and it made me feel bad all over like."

"I know one thing, James," said the clergyman, "whatever is in heaven, those who are admitted there will be fully satisfied with; they will have no craving, no wish unfulfilled."

"That's what I think," said Gemmy; "and I think, too, as I've a good chance of being there before long, my sem."

"We don't talk of 'chances,'" said Mr. Rivers, "when there is a 'sure and certain hope' allowed to us. You have that, James."

"Yes, I meant that," was the answer; and that night he died. With music in his ears,

"Music, that gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"

his spirit passed happily away to the land where harps of gold are tuned, and angel voices swell the chorus of praise to the Lamb that was slain.

CHAPTER XXV.—MORE VICTIMS.

"THERE'LL be no clemming in heaven," said poor old Widow Harris; and they were the last words she said before cholera had sealed for ever her parched and withered lips. She had "clemmed" uncomplainingly many a long and weary year, but it was all over now, and that miserable weekly pittance allowed, so often grudgingly bestowed, by the parochial authorities, was needed no longer. When, after her death, Mr. Rivers heard particulars of her straitened circumstances, he was grieved that application for relief had not been made to him; but she had carried a proud heart beneath her rags, and would have died before she begged. There was comfort in thinking that her sufferings had been of short duration; that poor worn-out frame could offer feeble battle with the enemy, and in yielding to his assault she had escaped him. The hard drinker had no chance at all with this mighty antagonist: indeed, he had paved the way for him; there remained nothing but to enter and take possession. The first question Mr. Rivers put, when hearing that such a person had been attacked, was generally, "Was he of temperate habits?" If answered in the negative, he shook his head, and felt the case was well nigh hopeless.

Steenie Parker died with the hand of Robert Stirling, the Scripture Reader, clasped in his, and his last look was one of gratitude towards him.

"I little thought," Stirling said to Mr. Rivers, as they stood together by poor Steenie's new-made grave, "I little thought what result would follow that visit of mine to the 'Three Jolly Colliers;' I little thought it would be made the saving of him who lies here."

"It was his last visit there, you say?" said Mr. Rivers.

"Yes; he seemed to gain new courage from that night to resist. I lent him that tract, too, that the people about here like so much—'The Bar of Iron'—and I think I never saw a man so much cut up in my life as he was. I shall try the same plan again, and, with Steenie's history to back me out, I think I shall do something in those public's yet."

"It is not every man," said Mr. Rivers, "who could, or ought to, trust himself often in a public house, even on such an errand as yours is; but I do not suppose there is much danger for you."

"I do not trust myself, sir," Stirling replied firmly,

but modestly; "I distrust myself, and I think that keeps me safe."

The visitation of cholera that year was a short one. It had already much abated; people were beginning to breathe more freely; those who had attended church or chapel, simply by way of easing their conscience, or, as it were, buying off the judgment, were growing less strict in their attendance; Mr. Rivers was beginning to wonder whether a week spent in his old haunts at Still-organ would not be highly beneficial in a sanitary point of view, when another midnight summons arrived for him. This time he was asleep when it came, so soundly, that Martha had screamed "thieves and murderers" for some time before the noise roused him; then he shouted out "Where?" in return, and half expected to see the cold steel gleaming through the darkness.

"Where, sir! and they knocking fit to break the door down; for pity's sake, sir, fire at them or something."

Her master burst out laughing.

"When thieves knock like that, Martha," he called out, "we must invite them to help themselves; but I'm afraid—" and hastily throwing up the window, he asked what was the matter.

"Come quickly, sir," replied a hoarse voice from beneath, "quickly, as you value the peace of a most miserable soul."

Mr. Rivers was dressed and going with the man before he had time to think much what he was doing.

"Do I know you?" he inquired of his guide, as they went rapidly along.

"Not as coming across your way of business much, sir; 'tisn't either with parsons or chapels I've had much connection," replied the man; "though perhaps this night's affair may make a difference that 'ere."

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Rivers.

"Billy Turnbull I go by, though I guess I was named William, to begin with. It's little as ever I thought I should be on such an errand as this—doing a service for my worst enemy."

"Enemy!" repeated the clergyman.

"Ay, enemy to me and mine. You know him; it's Judson—one of Mr. Purden's men."

"I know him, as you say," and Mr. Rivers felt a cold chill creep over him.

"He did a grievous injury onst to my family, and has hated me for it ever since, and I've hated him back; but he sent for me three hours ago and asked forgiveness. I couldn't hold out agen a man with the mark of death on his forehead, so I forgave him in the name of the poor fellow as is dead and gone before him. He was raving mad to have Master Purden sent for; but folks said as he didn't ought be put about so soon after his own bout, so then he said as he'd have you."

"What can I do for him now?" said Mr. Rivers, sorrowfully, as they entered the house together.

The unfortunate man was lying in a heavy stupor so nearly resembling death, that Mr. Rivers doubted at first if any life remained in him; but Turnbull, who appeared now as solicitous about him as he had formerly seemed revengeful, bent his head down and said something about "Master Purden," which had the anticipated effect. Judson opened his eyes and stared wildly round.

"Where is the master?" he said, in a voice which might have come from the grave, so hollow and sepulchral was the sound. "Where is Master Purden? Are you he?" to Mr. Rivers. "Don't believe 'em if they say I cheated you over them pits. I told you them was worked out and you believed me, so the fault was your'n; wasn't that it?" turning to the man who stood beside him.

"That warn't what you meant to say, Davy," said Turnbull, kindly; "you meant to tell the master as you had foully wronged him in the matter of the pits, and wer' sorry for it."

"Ah! so I did," said the poor dying wretch; "but I can't keep my head now, it goes from me; and where's poor Sampson, who was ruined along of my doing; why don't he come and curse me too?"

"There's no one cursing you, Davy; and here's a clergyman come to see you," said Turnbull, bathing the hot brow of the man he had called his "worst enemy."

"Try and take some of the doctor's stuff, father," said a daughter of the dying man, who, of all present, seemed about the least affected.

"It aint 'stuff,'" he called out fiercely, catching at the last word.

"I never said it wer', leastways not to mean it."

And then ensued a scene too terrible to be depicted, in which remorse and defiance seemed to meet together and struggle for victory. Poor Judson had a more rational interval before his death; he lived to hear the words of life read aloud by his bedside; to join in the earnest prayer offered up beside him; to hear Turnbull assure him again that he "forgave him with all his heart, as he knew Sampson would do if he were alive and present;" and more than that cannot be said of him. He died within a few hours of the clergyman's visit, and those who had so bitterly resented his hard rule were released from the thralldom.

Henry Purden and his wife sat together in her pretty morning-room, feeling almost as if the honeymoon had, somehow, come back again. He had not heard of Judson's confession nor of his death, and was not to be told for some time yet—not till the white lips and trembling hands, which he still carried about with him, were gone. He had been trying to write a letter, but failed signally, and threw down the pen in great disgust. "There's manly vigour for you," he said, pointing to the eccentric-looking characters he had traced, and which certainly seemed to call for the aid of an interpreter.

"Never mind," said Kate, who was unkind enough to laugh, nevertheless; "let me write, and you can put 'Henry Purden, his mark,' at the end."

"A pretty thing for you to take advantage of my imbecile condition, to find out my secrets, Mrs. Purden. I'll not have you for my amanuensis."

She did not look half satisfied; but he stuck to his point, and carried it of course. Whatever the subject of his correspondence, he wished her to be kept in ignorance of it; this she perceived, and it made her thoughtful for some time. He was the same, but was the first to break silence. "Certainly," he said, as if speaking to himself, "things wear a very different aspect when viewed from what seems likely to prove the verge of another state of being."

"The worst of it is," said Kate, after another short silence, "the old aspect so very soon comes back again, and then the other gets forgotten."

"Oh, that's for me, is it?" he said, with a half sort of laugh.

"I was not thinking of you at all," said his wife, colouring, "I was alluding entirely to my own experience."

"Then you are not so good as Dorothy," said Mr. Purden, as a very staid and sensible domestic entered the room; "for she *has* thought of me, and for my advantage too."

"How are you to-day, sir?" inquired this Abigail, in a dirge-like voice, as she placed a very tempting basin of beef tea on a little table before her master.

"Rather too well, if anything, Dorothy—a second Hercules; and much the wiser you are for *that*," he added, in a lower tone.

Dorothy gave a sympathetic glance at her mistress, which conveyed the sentiment, "Ah, poor gentleman, he little knows his own state; but we won't undeceive him," and marched out of the room with solemn gait.

"Poor Kate!" said her husband, pityingly. "Between Dorothy, Mrs. Cameron, and me, you must have had a wretched time of it indeed."

At the mention of her aunt's name, Kate's eyes dilated, and a funny expression passed over her face. Her husband watched her closely.

"What is it, Kate?" he said, at last.

"What's what?" she answered, with a start.

"Ay, what's what! What's that mysterious thing you are keeping back from me, and yet dying to tell me all the time?"

"I assure you, Harry," she said earnestly, "I know nothing myself to keep back from you. I only know there are some queer suspicions—but here comes Mr. Lucas—ask him."

BOERHAAVE.

IN "The Leisure Hour" for 1860, No. 441, we gave an account of Haller the physician; we are now to present to our readers some particulars about his master, Boerhaave, who equalled him in skill and fame as a practitioner of physic, and who, like him, was remarkable for his piety, exhibiting besides the most exemplary resignation and patience under the pressure of acute bodily suffering.

Herman Boerhaave was born on the last day of December, 1668, at Voorhout, a village two miles distant from Leyden of which his father, James Boerhaave, was minister—a man of most amiable character, simple and open in his behaviour, frugal in the management of a narrow fortune, and tender and diligent in the education of a numerous family. Herman was designed by his father for the ministry, and with that view was instructed by him in grammar and the first elements of languages, in which, at the early age of eleven, he was remarkably proficient. To recreate his mind and strengthen his constitution, it was his father's custom at intervals to send him into the fields and employ him in agriculture and other rural occupations. In the twelfth year of his age his studies were interrupted by an illness which deserves particular mention, as it first inclined him to the science of medicine, to which he was so well adapted, and which he afterwards carried to so great perfection. A painful and malignant ulcer broke out upon his left thigh, and he was tormented with the disease and the remedies for nearly four years. The art of the physician and surgeon was exhausted; at last he thought of trying a fomentation by which he effected a cure. His love of learning continued unabated. At the age of fourteen his father brought him to Leyden, and placed him in the fourth class of the public school. In six months, by gaining the first prize in the fourth class, he was raised to the fifth; in six months more, he was rewarded with another prize and translated to the sixth, from whence it was usual, in six months more, to be removed to the University. But in November 1682, the young scholar sustained a most afflictive loss in the death of his father, who left behind him a very slender provision for his widow and nine children, of which the eldest was not yet seventeen years old. Happily, Herman found the means of support and continuing his studies in theology, by teaching mathematics to young pupils of rank. In 1690, having performed the exercises

of the University with uncommon reputation, he took his degree in philosophy, and on that occasion discussed the important and arduous subject of the distinct natures of the soul and body with such accuracy, perspicuity and subtlety, in opposition to Epicurus, Hobbes, and all their school, as greatly exalted his character for piety and erudition. Divinity was still his great employment, and the chief aim of all his studies. He read the Scriptures in their original languages, and diligently consulted the writings of the fathers, beginning with Clemens Romanus.

At length his propensity to the study of physic grew too violent to be resisted; and though he still intended to make divinity the business of his life, he could not deny himself the satisfaction of spending some time upon the medical writers. Growing more eager as he advanced, he determined wholly to master that profession, and to take his degree in physic before he engaged in the duties of the ministry. He began this new course of study by a diligent perusal of the writers on anatomy; he attended the public lectures on that branch, and performed dissection in private. Having furnished himself with this necessary preparatory knowledge, he began to read the ancient physicians in the order of time, from Hippocrates downwards, through the Greek and Latin writers. Boerhaave found that Hippocrates was the original source of all received medical knowledge, and that the later writers were little more than transcribers from him. He returned to the old Greek physician with greater attention, digesting his treatises into method, and fixing them in his memory. He then came to the moderns, of whom none delighted or improved him more than our English Sydenham, of whom he said that he frequently perused him, and always with new and greater eagerness. He made himself master of all the sciences allied or auxiliary to medicine; he was a skilful chemist, and an admirable botanist. To the general reader it is impossible to convey an idea of the vast acquisitions of Boerhaave in every branch of medical knowledge, or to say enough of the obligation under which the medical profession was laid by him, for the systematic precision of his writings, abounding as they do with the most useful knowledge, derived not merely from books but from a most extensive and varied exercise of his great powers and sagacity as a practical physician. He obtained his degree of doctor in physic at Hardewick in 1693, at the age of twenty-five.

Returning to Leyden full of his pious design of undertaking the ministry, he found, to his surprise, unexpected obstacles thrown in his way, and an insinuation dispersed through the University that made him suspected of Spinozism, or, in plainer terms, of atheism itself. This detestable calumny owed its rise to an incident from which no such serious consequence could possibly be apprehended. As Boerhaave was sitting in a common boat, there arose a conversation among the passengers about the doctrines of Spinoza. It was natural that in the country of Spinoza, and during his lifetime, both himself and his writings should excite a great deal of attention. Boerhaave sat, and attended silently to the discourse for some time; but one of the company, more zealous than skilful, instead of confuting the positions of the sceptic by argument, began to use contumelious language and invectives, till Boerhaave could not forbear asking him whether he had ever read the author he declaimed against. The orator not being able to give a very satisfactory answer, was checked in the midst of his harangue, and a stranger who was in the boat with them inquired of his neighbour the name of the young man whose question had put an end to the

discussion, and, having learned it, set it down in his pocket-book with no good purpose; for in a few days it was the common talk at Leyden that Boerhaave had revolted to Spinoza. Finding this formidable opposition raised against his assuming the character of a divine, he did not think it prudent to struggle with the torrent of prejudice, and, being well qualified for the profession of physic, he began to visit patients. As usual with young doctors given to much study, his reputation increased but fees came slowly in. However, he persevered in spite of every discouragement; and even when invited by one of the chief favourites of King William III to settle at the Hague on very advantageous conditions, he declined the offer, being desirous of living at liberty, at a distance from all contentions and state parties. His time was wholly taken up in visiting the sick, studying, making chemical experiments, teaching the mathematics, and reading the Scriptures, and such authors as were likely to lead his mind to the true knowledge and love of God.

In the year 1701, he was recommended by John Vander Berg, one of the magistrates, as a proper person to succeed Drelincourt in the professorship of physic. His modesty made him shrink from a charge so important; but he was elected without any solicitations on his part, and almost without his consent. He now began to lecture with great applause, and was prevailed upon by his audience to instruct them not only in physic, but also in chemistry. This was not merely to the great advantage of his pupils, but likewise to the immense improvement of chemistry, whether considered as an art or as a science. It had hitherto been treated in a confused manner, and was little more than a history of particular experiments; but Boerhaave reduced the vast chaos to order and system.

His reputation soon extended itself to distant Universities, and in 1703 he was invited to be Professor of Physic at Groningen; he refused, however, to leave Leyden, to the great delight of the curators of the University there, who immediately voted an increase of his salary, and promised him the first professorship that should be vacant, he having hitherto been a lecturer without the title or dignity of a professor. On the death of Professor Hotten, the chair of physic and botany was bestowed upon him. His reputation drew such a concourse of students from all countries to Leyden, that it became the medical school of the civilized world. Germany, England, Scotland, and even America sent pupils to Leyden. There the first Monro of Edinburgh, whose anatomical dynasty stretched over 150 years, acquired his accurate and various knowledge; whose contemporaries and successors in his native land, taught and practised medicine with such success and true scientific skill, that Edinburgh became what Leyden once was, the greatest school of medicine and its kindred sciences. There flourished the Blacks, the Cullens, the Hopes, and the Gregories; and it is satisfactory to know that in our own time, the Edinburgh School of Medicine and Surgery has not degenerated.

The medical writings of Boerhaave were received with universal approbation by all who were qualified to judge of their merits in Christendom; but it was hardly to be expected that they would be esteemed in Turkey, and translated into Arabic by the Mufti himself. Albert Schultens, the great oriental scholar, who was appointed by the University of Leyden to pronounce the funeral oration of Boerhaave, informed his audience that he had seen the Arabic translation five years before; that he had compared it with the original, and found it correct; and that it was going to be printed at the new printing

establishment at Constantinople. The scholars of Europe talked with contemptuous wonder of the barbaric Empire of the Turks beginning to think of printing, which was actually accomplished about the year 1730.

A professor of medicine may be admirable as a public instructor, and yet be very useless as a practical physician. But the excellence of Boerhaave was pre-eminent in both departments. He was sagacious in the knowledge of diseases, and successful in their treatment. He was humane and tender to his patients; and his pupils in particular, who happened to fall sick, he attended with a kindness and assiduity greater than he would bestow on the rich and great. Patients flocked to Leyden from all countries, to consult Boerhaave in difficult and intractable diseases; and consultation by letter from very distant regions and persons of the highest rank were not less numerous.

The Academy of Sciences at Paris chose him as one of their Foreign Associates, and he was also chosen a Fellow by the Royal Society of London. The Czar of Russia, Peter the Great, the Duke of Lorraine, and other men of distinction in their day, paid him a visit when they were travelling in Holland.

In 1722, his course both of lectures and practice was interrupted by the gout, which, as he acknowledged, he brought upon himself by an imprudent confidence in the strength of his own constitution, and by transgressing those rules which he had a thousand times inculcated on his pupils and acquaintance. Rising in the morning before day, he got a sudden chill by going from his bed into the open air, and exposing himself to the cold dews. He was for five months confined to his bed, where he lay upon his back, without daring to attempt the least motion, because any effort excited the most acute torments. At length, having in the sixth month of his illness obtained some remission, he took large quantities of the expressed juices of chicory, endive, water cresses, and other simple herbs, with copious solutions of gum arabic, and at length wonderfully recovered. When he opened his school again, on the 11th of January, 1723, his recovery, so much desired and unexpected, was celebrated with general joy and public illuminations.

In 1727, he was seized with a violent fever, which continued so long, that he was once more given up by his friends. He found it prudent now to resign the professorships of botany and chemistry. About the middle of the year 1737, he felt the first approaches of the fatal illness that brought him to the grave, of which he gave an account to a friend in London, in a letter dated September 8, 1738, only a fortnight before his death. It must be interesting to medical men, as being a statement of his own symptoms, by one who had skill and experience so extensive in observing the diseases of others, but it would not be a pleasant narrative for common readers. He was troubled with pain, difficulty of breathing, and incredible debility, with confused sleep, disturbed by dreams, and his mind unequal to any exertion. "*Cum hic luctor fessus, nec emergo*;" with these evils I struggle, but get no deliverance; but I patiently wait the commands of God, whom alone I love and honour."

About three weeks before his death, he received a visit at his country house from the Rev. Mr. Schultens, his intimate friend, who found him sitting out of doors, with his wife, sister, and daughter. After the ladies withdrew, and left them to private conversation, Boerhaave took occasion to tell him what had been during his illness the chief subject of his thoughts. He had never doubted of

* This expression was suggested, probably, by the well-known coin of his country, on which is represented a lion pawing to get free, with the motto, "*Luctor et emergo*."

the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul; but declared that he had, lately, a kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between corporeal and thinking substances, which mere reason and philosophy cannot afford, and which nothing but long sickness can give. He related, with great concern, that once his patience so far gave way to extremity of pain, that after having lain fifteen hours in exquisite tortures, he prayed to God that he might be set free by death. Mr. Schultens, by way of consolation, answered that he thought such wishes, when forced by continued and excessive torments, unavoidable in the present state of human nature; that the best of men, even Job himself, were not able to refrain from such starts of impatience. This he did not deny; but said, "He that loves God ought to think nothing desirable but what is most pleasing to the supreme goodness." As death approached nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed even less sensible of pain, and more cheerful under his torments, which continued till the 23rd of September, 1738, when this most accomplished physician and most excellent man died,* in the 70th year of his age.

We conclude with an extract from a lecture by the accomplished Dr. James Hamilton, of London, who thus has given his estimate of the character of the Leyden professor. "The great secret of the moral power of Boerhaave, and one chief source of his exuberant information, was his habitual piety. Being asked how he was able to acquire so much knowledge and overtake so much business, he answered, that it was his custom on rising to spend the first hour of the morning in reading the Bible and in meditation and prayer. This gave him spirit and vigour for the engagements of the day, and the consciousness that a reconciled God was present prepared him for all emergencies. And once, when a friend asked him if he knew what it was to be angry? he answered, that he was naturally of quick resentment, but daily prayer and watchfulness had given him this victory over himself. You must have noticed that in most cases moral excellence is essential to intellectual ascendancy. A teacher may be exact in his science and clear in his expositions, but from his coldness or reserve may demonstrate with little success; whilst another, perhaps his inferior in attainment, shall fire with his own ardour a whole class of devotees. And it was Boerhaave's infectiousness, no less than his matchless information, which made him the prince of instructors. Phlegmatic Dutchman, as he ought to have been, there was a warm transfusion in his teaching which opened the heart and won the ear; and abstruse or repellent subjects became attractive in his own benignant baptism. And so far as there was a moral charm about this great oracle of the last century, he himself made no secret of its cause. Faith in the sayings, and an affectionate imitation of the blessed Saviour, he often avowed to be the good means for rendering life tranquil and for imparting elevation and magnanimity to the individual character; and it was the faith and the magnanimity of his character which gave a moral spell to Boerhaave."

* Boerhaave left an only daughter, to whom he bequeathed a legacy of two millions of florins. On this large fortune Fontenelle has some remarks in a style of quaint antithesis, eminently characteristic of that real Frenchman, philosopher, and wit. "For a long time he enjoyed three professional chairs, and his courses were very lucrative; consultations brought in ample fees, in proportion to the rank of the patients and his own reputation. He had chosen early a simple mode of life, from which he had no wish to deviate; and he had no taste for expenses of vanity or ostentation: putting all these things together, it is easy to see that it was no fault of his that he became so rich. In general, men have a fortune proportioned not to their vast and insatiable desires, but to the mediocrity of their merit. Boerhaave had a fortune proportioned to his great merit, and not to his very moderate desires." So moralizes the author of the "Plurality of Worlds."

Varieties.

TRUE SAFETY.—Sir Thomas More, whilst he was a prisoner in the Tower, would not so much as suffer himself to be trimmed, saying, "that there was a controversy betwixt the king and him for his head, and till that was at an happy end, he would be at no cost about it." Let us but scum off the froth of his wit, and we may make a solemn use of it. For certainly, all the cost we bestow upon ourselves, to make our lives pleasurable and joyous to us, is but mere folly; till it be decided what will become of the suit betwixt God and us, what will be the issue of the controversy that God hath against us; and that not for our heads, but souls, whether for heaven or hell. Were it not then the wisest course to begin with making our peace, and then we may soon lead a happy life? It is said, "He that gets out of debt, grows rich." Most sure it is, that the pardoned soul cannot be poor; for as soon as the peace is concluded, a free trade is opened between God and the soul. If once pardoned, we may then sail to any port that lies in God's dominions, and be welcome; where all the premises stand open with their treasure, and say, "Here, poor soul, take full lading in of all precious things, even as much as thy faith can bear and carry away."

VIOLENT DEATHS.—An interesting though melancholy return of the number of suicides during 1860, in England and France, has been published. By this it appears, that in England 1365 persons, (being one in 14,286 of the population,) terminated their existence; while in France the numbers were 3057 men, and 842 women. During the same year, 14,775 persons in England and Wales died a violent death, being one to every 1323 of the population. The returns further show that many women are now burnt to death in consequence of the prevailing fashion respecting dress, the annual number, according to the Registrar-General, far exceeding those who were formerly burnt as witches.

TURKISH BATH.—When undressed I was taken into the sweating room, with an apron girded round me, and a cloth twisted on my head in the fashion of a turban. After waiting a few minutes, the bather, habited like myself, commenced his operations by pressing both hands hard upon my chest and stomach, and thence all over the body; this was twice repeated. He then threw some warm water over me, which ran through a pipe into a font just by me, and, putting a cloth bag on his hand, rubbed me down with very severe force from head to feet. This part of the process being complete, he deluged me with hot water; then, making a great bowl of lather, he dipped some Egyptian flax in it, and covered me till I was more like an alabaster figure than a living man. An inundation of hot water followed, then more rubbing, and, finally, ablutions so rapid as quite to take my breath away. From this apartment I went to the outer room, where the turban, which had been removed after the first ten minutes, was replaced, and I was rubbed dry. Clothes were then thrown over me, and I concluded with a pipe and a cup of coffee. I think that this purification was more complete than any I ever had in my life, and I felt light as a feather. The profusion of hot water and of soap, and the thorough rubbing, determine in my opinion the superiority of the Turkish bath over all others; and I have only to regret that I am made acquainted with a luxury which I cannot pursue through my life.—*General Wilson's Diary.*

DEAD TO THE WORLD.—There is mention made of one of the Catos, that, in his old age, he withdrew himself from Rome to his country-house, that he might spend his elder years free from care and trouble; and the Romans, as they rode by his house, used to say, "This man alone knows how to live." What art Cato had to disburden himself (by his retirement) of the world's cares, is altogether unknown; but most sure it is, that a man may go into the country, and yet not leave the city behind him; his mind may be in a crowd, while his body is in the solitude of a wilderness. Alas! he was a stranger to the gospel; had he been but acquainted therewith, it could have showed him a way out of the crowd of all worldly employments, even in the midst of Rome itself, and that is by mortifying his heart to the world, both in the pleasures and troubles thereof. And then, that high commendation, "that he alone knew how to live," might have been given him, without any hyperbole at all; for to speak truth, he only knows aright how to live in the world, that hath learnt to die to the world.